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LOVE,
LAST SHIFT:
OR, THE
MASON Disappointed.

To which is annex'd,
A
SONG
ON THE
FREE MASONS;

By a GENTLEMAN.

L O N D O N:
Printed for A. Moore, and Sold by the
Booksellers of London and West-
minster.

LOVE'S

LAST SHIFT:

OR THE

MASSACHUSETTS.

To which is added

A

SONG



FREE PRESS

By a Gentleman

LONDON

Printed for A. Milnes, and Sold by the
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THE PREFACE.

THE following Lines evidently show the Folly and Baseness of a scandalous Book lately come out; which informs the World, that the Ancient, and Laudable Society of Free-Masons, are no better than S——'s, and therefore to clear them from this abominable Reflection, we have here produc'd an Example of one of the Society, who thro' his earnest Inclination,

nation, and Desire to the beautifull
Lesbia, rather than be Guilty of that
horrid Practice lay'd to their Charge
(She not being in a Condition to be made
Use of any other way) condescended to
accept from her fair Hands, the Satisfac-
tion of a Manual Operation.

And I think it a sufficient Instance, to
clear the Reputation of so Honourable
Society, from the brutish Aspersions of
sa Infamous a Grub-street Scribler.

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I pre
And
But
She
I can
You
Fire
Rag



L O V E S
Last SHIFT.

I Walk'd with *Lesbia* through a shady Bower,
And she was there, the most delightful
Flower.

I prest her to me with an eager hast,
And cry'd, my Soul, Loves Pleasure let me taste:

But as I prest her to the nameless Bliss,
She said, *Lyfander*, you must only Kiss.

I cannot grant your wanton loose Desires,
Your furious Passion, and your lawless Fires;
Fires fierce as *Aetna*, or the Flames of Hell,
Rage in that Grott where Raptures use to dwell.

B

Nor

Nor can the Streams that through the Cavern
pass,

Rebate the Conflagration of Myne A---s
Like melted Lead the angry Torrent Flows;
Augments the Pain, and hisses as it goes.

To a Paradox of Pain my C——t is turn'd,
Hard Fate, to be at once, both Drown'd and
Burn'd !

Keep of, fond Youth, and let not *Pego* come
Near to the Confines of my Scorching Womb:
Nor Trust his Head within my fatal Thighs;
Least he become a flaming Sacrifice.

Young *Philaret* that Kiss'd me to'ther Day,
In Tears too late Laments the cruel Joy.

And those three Swains who by the Moon light
strove,

By turns, to Gorge me with the Food of Love;
With Bleeding Weapons curse the Dear delight,
And wish they cou'd forget that luckless Night:

Ah

Ah Shepherd ! See--At which she sighing heav'd
Her Garments up——You scarce cou'd have
believ'd,

This *Eaden* shou'd be such a Defart grown;
'Tis cooler living in the Torrid Zone.

With Pensive Eyes I view'd the doleful Place,
And saw poor *Merkin* weep for its Disgrace;
Till Simpathy'ing *Pego* rais'd his Head,
Swoln big with Passion, and with Anger red;
She sigh'd, as he advanc'd his purple Crest,
And said, alas! Thou can'st not be posselt,
My Room's not fit for such a Noble Guest!

How shall I calm thy Rage? how cool thy
Grief,
What Method shall I take for thy Relief?
With that she grasp'd him in her gentle Hand,
And said, even thus, I can thy Fate command:
Her tender Fingers did so nimbly Play,
His Rage soon ceas'd and *Pego* wept for Joy;

Whilst her soft Hand the falling Tears receiv'd,
Which by their Number shew'd how much he
griev'd!



O N
A Masqu'd MISTRESS.

From BUCHANAN.

WELL, then! my gentle, Night-peace
Maid,

Must we still love, in Masquerade?

Is it ordain'd, by Fate, and Thee,

I ne'er that Magic Face shall see?

Unfit shall Noon, as Midnight; prove

To bring to Light the Nymph I love?

Still, of Relief, shall I despair,

And Sigh before an absent Fair?

What! shall I kiss, embrace and toy,

Yet never know who gives the Joy?

A Fairy Maid! shall I careſs,
Whom, I do not, and do, poſſeſs?

I'll not take *Ol*——*d* to my Arms,
Unleſs I view bright *Ol*——*d*'s Charms:
No better, fancy'd Beauties trace
In *Mar*——*ta*'s open Face.

Forlorn and wretched may ſhe prove,
Who, in the Dark, diſguiſes Love!
May Stars and Fate unlucky prove,
And lead her to inceſtuous Love.

Now by Thy-ſelf, by every Grace,
Which ſhines in thy Authentic Face,
And by thoſe Eyes I Thee conjure;
Thoſe Eyes! which mine to Love allure;
O! give my longing Sight to ſee,
Your real Self, whate'er you be.
Your very Self to ſee, I aſk;
Your Self, *my Love*, and not your Mask.

Let

Let me but know what 'tis I Love,
 A patient Lover I will prove
 Of any Nymph; for I'm not Nice;
 But Vertue, hid, is construed Vice.

If *Miss* but Licks in Colours faint,
 Men swear she's daub'd, all o'er with paint;
 And when she treats her Face with Art,
 They nauseate every other Part.
 For Minds, with jealous Fears accurst,
 Brought to suspect, suspect the worst.

Your Features share not in the Foil,
 Which shades the Nymphs on *Afric's* Soil;
 From tawny Teats you suck'd no Juice;
 No thick-lip'd *Black* did Thee produce:
 Thy fresh Complexion, White and Red,
 In *Bucks*, declare Thee born and bred.

But

But, what if (Black as polish'd Jet)
 Thy Sire, Thee (Blackier) did beget;
 Yet, black, you might some Passions move;
 All Colours have their Friends in Love.
 At least a frank and honest Mind,
 When Colour fail, will make Men kind.

With me, Simplicities alone,
 For want of other Charms atone.
 The native Ruby let me kiss;
 To *Priests* I leave the painted Bliss.
 Let *Priests* desire ungentle Charms,
 And court Delusion to their Arms;
 They love Deceits, tho' ne'er so many,
 And boast Religion without any.

ON

But



O N

Martilia Weeping.

IN others, Sorrow Beauty's Force disarms,
 But gives new Lustre to *Martilla's* Charms,
 When I behold her Eyes her Grief display,
 And thro' Affliction, Beauty work its Way;
 My anxious Soul, alternate Passions move,
 And my Heart melts with Pity and with Love;
 The pleasing Ill at once, I Curse and Bless,
 At once, enjoy and feel the sad Distress.
 Weep, lovely Virgin! weep a while and show,
 How many Graces to your Cares you owe.
 Each common Nymph, may boast the Power to
 kill,
 When prosperous Fortune aids her cruel Will;
 But you alone, tho' drown'd in Tears, destroy,
 And prove your Grief victorious as your Joy.

A

Request to CUPID.

Enough, Great Love, thy pointed Dart
 Has thoroughly transfix'd my Heart:
 If the Intenfeness of our Love,
 Proportion'd to the Wound doth prove;
 A deeper Wound you never gave,
 Nor ever made a surer Slave.
 Lo then! thy Power I now confess,
 And, which is more, thy Power bless;
 Nor ask I that you'd set me free
 From this my sweet Captivity:
 Restore my Heart, or cure my Pain
 Or rid me from my Happy Chain,
 And so dissolves *Phileas's* Reign.
 No, I my Liberty resign,
 And only this Petition's mine,

And

And this Request I needs must move,
 Give me the Nymph you've made me love:
 O! give her to my Arms, kind Boy,
 Let none my beauteous Maid enjoy,
 That love her less than I, who bow
 Before thy Sacred Altar now.
 Oh! hear my Vows, respect my Prayers,
 With Favour view my flowing Tears;
 Cure not my Love, but kill my Fears.
 My ardent Tears full well she merits,
 Who all thy Mother's Charms inherits;
 Not she her self's more Fair or Gay,
 When cloath'd in Purple, rich Array:
 Graceful she mounts her Iv'ry Car,
 Resplendent, glittering from a-far
 And from High Heaven, to *Cyprian* Domes,
 Riding in pompous Triumph comes:
 Not she, with her attending Loves,
 Thus drawn by Silver Swains and Doves;
 Not she more Lovely, and more Fair
 Then Bright *Philesia* doth appear.

O! then to me this Virgin give,
 And from Despair thy Priest reprieve:
 O! fix an Arrow in her Breast,
 To make her love, and make me blest;
 And I no mean Returns intend
 To pay to thee, my little Friend!
 From thee I will revolt no more,
 Nor turn Blasphemer, as before;
 Faithful, and to thy Interest ty'd,
 I'll spread thy Empire far and wide;
 My Numbers shall support thy Throne,
 And force thy Foes thy Power to own.
 My Verse shall, like thy Darts, inspire
 Melting Thoughts and warm Desire,
 Silent Transports, rapt'rous Love,
 All that Youths and Virgins prove,
 When within their scorching Marrow
 Thou hast fix'd thy flaming Arrow.



The CRAB,

OR THE

Amorous Transformation.

MANY (as Stories oft have shown,
 Since Occupying first was known)
 Have been the Shapes, that for a W——re
 The Gods and God-like Men have wore!
 Great *Jove* himself, for dainty Trull,
 Became a *Swan*, and eke a *Bull*;
Anacreon was an humble *Bee*,
 And gentle *Ovid* once a *Flea*:
 But I, my am'rous Thoughts to please,
 Have chose a Shape more blest than these;
 And for thy sake, my pretty Drab!
 Am now become an errant Crab:
 Upon the Confines of thy Well,
 In Pleasures uncontroul'd I dwell;

Sipping

Sipping the flowing Moisture there,
With which no *Nectar* can compare!

Adonis in th' *Idean* Grove

Had never such a Feast of Love ;

Altho' Love's Queen her self, (to crown
His Wishes) oft came scampering down,

And for the Kindness that she bore him,

Lay'd all her Rarities before him !

Oh ! all ye Deities ador'd !

(Those few I mean who never w--d)

Because more Pleasures here below

I find; than you above can know!

If You in' untimely Fate decree,

Oh ! pitty, tho' You envy Me!

And let Me not, in any Case,

Be forc'd to quit this happy Place:

But if aloud your Vengeance crys,

And dooms Me for a Sacrifice ;

Oh ! let me fall betwixt her Thighs.

THE

Sipping



THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A Justice in a Country Town,
 Some say, ill natur'd and a Clown,
 (Concerning which we'll make no pother,
 But think him furnish'd like an other)
 When *Clerk* of Fees concording Tribes
 Depriv'd, and Worship of his Bribes;
 Wou'd oft lay down in quest of Bread,
 The graver Bus'ness of his Head:
 As on a Time upon the Scout,
 Like Vagabond He roam'd about;
 A *Baker* (as good People say)
 As hungry Justice came that Way,
 From sultry Prison had let loose,
 Fresh, Plump, and piping hot, a *Goose*:
 The Scent (as you may well suppose)
 Soon caught his Worship by the Nose;

And

And by that Handle held so fast,
It forc'd Authority at last.

Sr. *Crusty* to entreat to spare

A part of that delicious Fare:

The *Baker* in a surly Tone,

(For Manners He alas! had none)

Ee'n told him that he might be gone,

The *Goose* to Neighbour did belong,

Whom he, good Christian wou'd not wrong.

Tush, says the Justice, never mind,

For that a Remedy I'll find,

We'll eat the *Goose*, and when the Owner

Comes with demand to seize upon her,

E'en tell him for Excuse, as you

His *Goose* out of the Oven drew;

A Flock of *Geese* flew gabbling by,

And when that she had heard their Cry,

Impatient she'd no longer stay,

But with her Fellows Flew away;

With this, if he's not satisfy'd,

The Cause must *Coram me* be try'd;

Cle-

Cleverly, without Hem or Cough;
 Ne'er doubt me Friend I'll bring ye off.
 The *Baker* yeilds, a Case so clear,
 Subdu'd his Conscience and his Fear;
 He thought it now a Crime to stay,
 Or doubt, when Justice shew'd the Way.
 Thus was a Man, who wou'd be just,
 By Justice led, to break his Trust;
 And a good Christian, 'twixt these two,
 Chous'd of his *Goose* and Reason too.



THE
Faithful MARRINER.

A
SONG.



O you who live at Home at Ease
And Revel in Delight,
We Marriners that sail the Seas,
Befriended by a gentle Breeze,
To you we thus Indite.

II.

Let all your Perturbations Die,
Your private Feuds allay,
Let every Animosity
For ever in Oblivion lye
Now we are gone to Sea.

D

III. When

III.

When forky Light'ning flies amain,
 And Thunder splits our Mast,
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,
 Whom you compel'd to cross the Main
 For Human Failings past.

IV.

I hope to see my Dear once more,
 Tho' I my Voyage pursue,
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
 And waft me from *Britannia's* Shore
 Believe me I am true.

V.

I neither dread the Wars Alarms
 Nor poison'd Indian Dart ;
 I hate the Thought of Foreign Arms,
 But still respect dear *Molly's* Charms,
 With whom I leave my Heart.

VI. Wh

VL

When I have suffer'd an Exile
 And favour'd by the Wind,
 Enrich'd by *Carolina's* Spoil,
 And Coasting for my Native Ile,
 Perhaps she may prove kind.



O N A

Young LADY going into the JAUNDICE.

I.

CRUEL Distemper thus to seize
 Upon a Nymph so fair,
 Thou base, tho' barbarous Disease,
 Why do'st thou harbour there?

H.

Why do'st thou seek thus to destroy
 What all Mankind admire?

D 3

And

And if her beauteous Charms should die,
The World wou'd soon expire.

III.

But tho' thou use thy utmost Spite
And her Complection shroud,
Yet still her Charms will shew their Light
Like *Phabus*, thro' a Cloud.



A S O N G

B Y

Captain *H---H---*

I.

WHEN Fair *Dorinda* first I saw,
I felt a pleasing Pain;
I strove to fly from *Cupid's Law*,
But strove, (alas) in vain.

II. I

II.

I fill'd a Bowl up to the Brim,
 The God of Love to sink;
 But found the little God cou'd swim,
 And Power maintain in Drink.

III.

I then address'd him for Relief,
 Since he, alone, cou'd save,
 To mollify a Lover's Grief,
 And heal the Wound he gave.

IV.

The God presented me a Dart,
 And said in Words divine,
 When e'er I touch *Dorinda's* Heart,
Dorinda shou'd be mine.





A N
Epistle to CELIA.

Since close Confinement me detains at home,
Accept of this Dear *Celia* till I come;
Let this your absent Lover's Place supply,
And when you read it, think how griev'd am I.

(bear

Think, Charmer, think with what Regret I
This tedious Absence from my dearest Dear.
'Tis next to Death to be from you remov'd,
My only Blessing, and the best belov'd;
Some Nymphs, who are but moderately Fair,
Delight to wreck their Lovers with Despair;
But my Dear *Celia* does Compassion shew,
She is the fairest, and the kindest too;
By her kind Influence alone I live,
It is from her that I my Life receive. (shew,
Shou'd envious Death his boundless Malice
And take my Dear for ever from my View.

By

By Heavens I swear, I'd not an Hour survive,
 'Twould be the worst of Miseries to live;
 At once I'd all my Earthly Cares remove,
 And seek to find her in the Realms above.



T O

Celia having her Mask on.

I.

MY Dear, that dark Obstruction move,
 And shew thy Angell's Face;
 Your Charms are bright like those above,
 You've ev'ry moving Grace.

II.

Then why will you thus strive to hide,
 What we shou'd all adore;
 To frame that Form, was Nature's Pride,
 She's has shown her utmost Power.

III. And

III.

And why will you then thus abuse
 Kind Nature's good Intent,
 You wrong her, if you do not use,
 What to be us'd She meant.

IV.

You see my Love, the Glorious Sun
 Alike on all does shine;
 He sparing is of Light to none,
 Then, why art thou of thine.

V.

Tho' o'er your Face you cast a Shade,
 And rob us of that Light;
 Your Eyes by it are brighter made,
 They shine like Stars in Night.

VI.

Their Beams they dart thro' that dark Cloud,
 Which swift like Lightning flies;
 And 'tis more Fatal too allow'd,
 For he who sees it, dies.

THE



JUPITER *and* EUROPA,

from the Second Book of Ovid's Metam.

*Has ubi Verborum penas, Mentisque
profani &c*

WHEN *Hermes* for their impious Words and Mind,

To these had proper Punishment assign'd ;

Leaving the Land that bear's *Minerva's* Name,

To Heaven's high Seat, with rapid Wings, He came :

His Father call's, and his Command reveal's ;

The real Cause (a mortal Love) conceals.

" Thou faithful Minister of my Design,

" Both by thy Birth, and thy Obedience mine,

" Let dull delay, say's He, be banish'd quite ;

" Again to Earth assume thy hasty Flight ;

" And of that Region, whence thy Mother came,

" And which th' Inhabitants *Sidonia* name,

" Upon the left, direct thy flying Speed,

" And from the verdant Mountain, (where they feed)

E

" The

" The royal Herd drive to th' adjacent Shoar :
 This say'd -- a Moment's Flight *Cyleneus* bore
 From Heav'n to Earth ; Who with officious Pace,
 The royal Herd drives to th' appointed Place ;
 Where the fair Princesses used to resort,
 And with a Train of *Tyrian* Damsels Sport.
 Imperial State, and Love but ill agree,
 When in one Place they are ordain'd to be !
 Ev'n He, the Sire and Ruler of the Gods !
 Who moves *Olympus* with his awful Nodds,
 And at whose Thunder frighted Mortals quake !
 Do's now a *Bull's* demeaning Figure take ;
 But fairest of the Kind : in this He low's,
 And mixing with the Herd, Majestic, go's.
 White his Colour is, than *Snow* more pure,
 From pressing Feet, and *Southern* Winds secure ;
 Thick Rouls of Fatt his short firm Neck invest,
 The dangling Dewlapps grace his spreading Breast ;
 His lucid Hoans (tho' small like Jewels clear)
 The real Work of humane Hands appear ;
 His Eyes no Fire, his Front no Thunder bears,
 A settled Peace his comely Visage wears.
 A pleasing Wonder seiz'd the royal Dame,
 Holding Him so beautiful and tame !

But tho' so mild ; at first possess'd with Fear,
 She stands aloof ; then gently draws more near,
 And to his Lipps presents the Season's flow'ry Chear ;
 Her *Ivory* Hands the joyful *Lover* press'd
 With Kisses ; and ah ! scarce forbore the Rest.
 And now exulting on the Grass he plays,
 Now on the Sands his snowy Sides He lays ;
 His Bosom now she strokes, and now adorns,
 With Wreaths of fragrant Flow'rs, his lucid Horns ;
 And now grown more audacious, mounts the God,
 But little thought alas ! on Whom she ro'd !
 Then from the Land, by soft Degrees, He slips,
 And his false Feet in the Sea's Margin dips,
 Thence further goes, and now his beauteous Prey
 Does thro' the Middle of the Deep convey :
 The trembling Maid her doubtful State deplores,
 And views with longing Eyes, the less'ning Shoars,
 This Hand secures a Horn ; That's cast behind ;
 Her slender Robes are ruffled by the Wind.





TO THE REFORMERS

Of the present Age.

YE Sordid Bruits, that loudly bark and
 (bray
 For Truth; yet only truly value Pay;
 Ye vain, pragmatic, inconfid'rate Elves!
 Ignorant both of Others and your Selves;
 You're wond'rous wise and honest in disgrace,
 But wou'd be errant Knaves or Fools in Place;
 To Woods and Wilds ye frothy Bablers!
 (preach,
 And things that know ye not; presume to
 (teach.
 Can Reformation spring from such a Crew?
 Is ought that's worthy to be learnt from You?

First

First Owls and Buzzards shall improve our

(light,

And Batts instruct Us to revere the Light;

Go, go, your Maxims to the Winds declare;

Your Ways and Manners tell Us what you

(are.



An EPIGRAM

O N

Female Secrecy.

NO Man of true Humanity and Sense,
At Womans blabing sure, can take

(offence ;

Within a Female Breast a Secret pent,

's Wind confin'd, which rumbling seeks a

(Vent.

This

This way and that, for Ease the afflicted
 (turns,
 And grip'd and tortur'd, Miserably mourns.
 Say nicest Srs. where Cholicke your disease,
 And breaking Wind behind, wou'd give
 (you ease;
 Wou'd you forbear, for fear it shou'd dis-
 (please.





A S O N G,

O N

(The FREE-MASONS)

YE Fools! come all hither both Aged, and
(Young

And lend your Attention to my merry
(Song,

And you shall a *Free Mason* be, e're it be long,
Which no body can deny; &c.

We make for five Guineas, the Price is but
(small,

And then Lords and Dukes, you your Bro-
(thers may call,

Have Gloves, a whire Apron, get Drunk,
(and that's all

Which no body, &c.

A

A Secret we have, which you never must tell;
Least you should be punish'd hereafter in Hell.
A Fate which has never *Free-Mason* befel.

Which no body, &c.

Now this is a Matter of weight pray suppose,
You swear, as a *Mason* you'll never disclose
That Secret, which you, nor no mortal
(Man knows.

Which no body, &c.

You swear you forever Assistant will be,
To make your Acquaintance as great Fools
(as we,
So welcome dear Brother to our Company.

F I N I S.

